

Daily
Nebraskan
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University of Nebraska-Lincoln

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QUOTES OF THE WEEK

"It's certainly possible that they could say, 'Well, the hell with the university. We'll just go on doing what we've done.'"

— Vice Chancellor for Student Affairs James Griesen, reacting to the possibility that members of Phi Gamma Delta fraternity could continue to live in their house if suspended

"Polly has become more than a neighbor in Petaluma. She has become America's child."

— Marc Klaas, father of Polly Klaas, a 12-year-old girl who was abducted and slain in Petaluma, Calif. two months ago. Klaas' body was found Sunday.

"The rat is always right. If things aren't working out, we look at what the student is doing wrong."

— Ken Keith, psychology professor at Nebraska Wesleyan University, discussing the 17th annual Rat Olympics and how the skill of the student determines the rat's success

"If I want to know something, I don't ask the monkey, I ask the organ grinder."

— Notre Dame coach Lou Holtz, who said that he would have to ask the voters to find out why Notre Dame was not ranked higher in the polls

"I guess one of the reasons we haven't had a lot of success is that we've been playing Bobby."

— Nebraska coach Tom Osborne on his bowl record

"I'm sick of ducks and deer and scenes that make mothers happy."

— Brick sculptor Jay Tschetter on his desire for creative artistry in future works

"Whoever it is, is getting their jollies off on the wrong thing. This is not funny. They should be getting their laughs from the Saturday morning cartoons."

— Hall County Civil Defense Director Howard Maxon, responding to false alarms and fake accidents on Interstate 80 the last two years

"I said that some people may think we're square, but that's hard when the hippest guy in America's from Norfolk, Nebraska."

— Junior business administration major Kevin Ziebell, who spoke as a member of the NU Marching Band at "The Kennedy Center Honors" honoring Nebraskan native Johnny Carson

"I heard the explosion and felt pain in my stomach. I called Daddy. He came and took me into his arms. He told me not to be afraid, it was just a scratch. I hugged him and it was better then."

— Danijel Dorotic, a 10-year-old who was hit with shrapnel in Sarajevo, Bosnia-Herzegovina

"I call myself a dreamer. This has been a dream for a long time. It's finally been realized."

— Mary Robinson, an 88-year-old woman who will graduate with a bachelor's of arts Saturday, Dec. 18

"If the person goes hog wild in meeting people and takes to it like a duck takes to water, they may in fact neglect other things."

— Vern Williams, coordinator of career counseling, about UNL freshmen and changes in their relationships after coming to college

EDITORIAL POLICY

Staff editorials represent the official policy of the Fall 1993 Daily Nebraskan. Policy is set by the Daily Nebraskan Editorial Board. Editorials do not necessarily reflect the views of the university, its employees, the students or the NU Board of Regents. Editorial columns represent the opinion of the author. The regents publish the Daily Nebraskan. They establish the UNL Publications Board to supervise the daily production of the paper. According to policy set by the regents, responsibility for the editorial content of the newspaper lies solely in the hands of its students.

LETTER POLICY

The Daily Nebraskan welcomes brief letters to the editor from all readers and interested others. Letters will be selected for publication on the basis of clarity, originality, timeliness and space available. The Daily Nebraskan retains the right to edit or reject all material submitted. Readers also are welcome to submit material as guest opinions. The editor decides whether material should run as a guest opinion. Letters and guest opinions sent to the newspaper become the property of the Daily Nebraskan and cannot be returned. Anonymous submissions will not be published. Letters should include the author's name, year in school, major and group affiliation, if any. Requests to withhold names will not be granted. Submit material to the Daily Nebraskan, 34 Nebraska Union, 1400 R St., Lincoln, Neb. 68588-0448.



KARI PEISTRUP

England offers work, escape

I knew it couldn't last. It's a personal record. I've held a job for four months.

My job at Hardees my sophomore year of high school lasted three months, and I suppose in many ways it was better than writing for the Daily Nebraskan. I got to eat the burgers that were more than two hours old — at which point they were referred to as "waste" — I got to work with a guy who, perhaps through no effort of his own, behaved and looked remarkably like the emcee from the hit Broadway musical "Cabaret." I received high-tech training on complicated equipment, which will be essential for the jobs of tomorrow.

"OK, Peestrup, so when someone orders a bacon, ham and lard biscuit WITHOUT the chilins, you push the HCHT button BEFORE the BHLB button."

My job at Little King lasted two months, and that was somewhat pleasant as far as nametag/visor jobs go, but being in constant danger of having your digits severed by a razor-sharp spinning blade can lose its charm rather quickly.

But now it is the call of the sea I must heed.

Sea: Hey, Peistrup!
Me, with Chef Boyardee ravioli in my mouth, which accounts for my state of being approximately 25 percent of the time: I'm ot alking oo hy sink!

Sea: I'm not the sink, I'm the sea. Down here in the drain, you schmuck.

So I peer in. It's generally best to humor the forces of nature.

Sea: England is cooler than this place.

You heard it right. I'm sallying forth to the land of culture, airborne umbrellas and figgy pudding. Former romping grounds of Chaucer, Shakespeare and the Clash. (Readers insert wistful sigh of glee.) Armed with a six-month work permit and a tube of toothpaste, I intend to find my



What if everyone there is wedged in the middle of some monstrously complicated story line involving inheritances and implied sexual intercourse?

ambition, drive and lust for money that are supposed to make me uniquely American. Sort of a compare and contrast exercise, like choosing a long-distance phone company or deciding which member of the Clash had the cutest hiney.

Wait a cotton pickin' minute, I hear you readers mumbling. Does she think she can hold a job for six months?! Well, unemployment won't get me down if I shoot up heroin often enough.

Greg Wardle, who is employed by this university as a biology lab instructor, informed me that the British Government provides free heroin for addicted persons.

Why wasn't my physics lab instructor full of useful tidbits like this? I actually envision "Brent" stooped over his stove watching water boil into the wee hours of the morn with frank astonishment and awe at the wonder of science.

I've never tried heroin, it being prohibitively expensive and potentially life threatening, but I have tried the free sample of Multigrain Cheerios that arrived in my mailbox from God-only-knows-where, so I'm a firmly established risk taker.

Strangely when human-type people other than Greg Wardle hear I'm going to a beautiful, cosmopolitan, historical chocolate eclair of a country, their first reaction is "What about your boyfriend?" (Sorry fellas, you can take down those newsprint photos scotch-taped over your headboards.)

Nice to hear in an age when women

are supposed to be "liberated." Geez, it's been 10 years since they took the bust-size oval off the MCAT.

Yet sometimes England frightens me. The England I see most often is the "Masterpiece Theater" England. What if everyone there is wedged in the middle of some monstrously complicated story line involving inheritances and implied sexual intercourse?

Alistair Cooke: And now part five of Eileen of Farthington in the Twixit:

Eileen: I say, Lord Hemington! (Loud, yet curiously unobtrusive violin music accompanied by the sound of horses' hooves clopping.)

Oh, who am I kidding? The truth is that I can endure an occasional car bomb or crowbar fisticuff if it means I don't have to hear about any more football players shoving small men into Broyhill Fountain or fraternity men chasing pledges out of third-story windows.

For a small and charming Midwestern town, Lincoln has more flaws than a thrift store china set. I'm sure I'm not the only one who can think of several people who were attacked and beaten, but never made the pages of the Daily Nebraskan. Lord knows I'd be asking too much for a young woman to feel safe after 6 p.m., but these are strapping young lads.

So good-bye festering sore of a city. Thine puss will infect me no more.

Peistrup is a sophomore English major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Single mothers

I am writing in regard to Sam Kepfield's article (DN, Dec. 1). He feels the key to halting the disintegration of the U.S. social fabric is an end to illegitimate births. What a simple solution to a complex problem. It is no wonder Kepfield is a history student. He is living in the dark ages. He generalizes all single mothers as women after a quick buck from welfare and Aid to Families with Dependent Children, with no economic benefit whatsoever to society. Obviously, he has not talked to many single mothers.

I am a single mother with a 7-year-old son. Neither I nor my son have been a burden to society. There are many other single mothers like myself: Having a baby is a serious, life-changing affair. All parents and chil-

dren, boyfriends and girlfriends should be engaged in conversations about it now, as Kepfield suggests. These conversations should be conducted because of the values people are taught as they grow up, not because they are worried about the nation's economy.

An abortion is a lot easier to cover up than an illegitimate child, but if it is against a woman's values, she should feel just as free to have the baby as abort it. Kepfield seems to want to take that freedom away in the name of the economy.

Christine Schuerman
graduate student
public administration

Liberals

Since I've been at UNL, I have

seen many stupid things: green spots, pink triangles, liberal teachers, liberal newspapers. But for the DN (DN, Dec. 6) to claim that "when the president lies to the people, he is betraying everything the United States is supposed to stand for," and then to claim that Reagan and Bush are guilty of lying, is to ignore the fact that a pathological liar, Bill Clinton, can't even exhale the truth, let alone inhale a joint.

It's no surprise the DN would rather believe an overpaid conspiracy-theorist like Lawrence Walsh as to involvements of two former presidents, for they also believe a slick-talking, lying, career politician from Arkansas.

Dustin Ruge
senior
finance